

The Lincoln



Gentlemen

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The Silver Edition of the
Lincoln Centennial Medal
is limited to one hundred copies

G.P. Putnam's Sons

No. 410

The Lincoln Centennial Medal

Presenting the medal of Abraham Lincoln by

Jules Edouard Roiné

Together with papers on

The Medal: Its Origin and Symbolism by

George N. Olcott

and

The Lincoln Centennial Commemoration by

Richard Lloyd Jones

and

Certain Characteristic Utterances of

Abraham Lincoln



G. P. Putnam's Sons

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To
Archer M. Huntington
President of the American Numismatic Society

Publishers' Note

THE production by Jules Edouard Roiné of Paris, in connection with the centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, of a medal of the head of the martyred President, has suggested the preparation of this volume.

The volume contains, in addition to the medal itself, which is described as the most beautiful representation of Lincoln's features that has as yet been made, certain characteristic writings of Lincoln; and to these have been added a scholarly essay on the origin and symbolism of the medal by Professor George N. Olcott of Columbia University, and a paper by Richard

Lloyd Jones, describing the purpose and the character of the centennial commemoration. Monsieur Roiné, the designer of the medal, has long been recognized by the authorities on the subject as one of the great medallists of the world. Before giving his attention to medallic art, he had secured fame as a sculptor.

Roiné was born in the Department of the Loire in 1858, and while still a young man, he became a student of Léopold Morice of Paris. He secured a world-wide reputation through the exquisite productions in bas-relief designed in 1900 for the Paris Exposition of that year. He received later from the French Government a gold medal in recognition of the success of the bas-relief of the *Aurora of the Twentieth Century*. The original of this work

Century. The original of this work is in the Luxembourg Museum in Paris, and a bas-relief replica has been secured for the gold room of the Metropolitan Museum in New York; a second replica has been placed in the Imperial Museum at Berlin.

Another charming creation of the artist's is the representation on a christening medal of the birth of a child. The Goddess of Life is shown floating from the clouds, dropping the infant into the cradle, and then drifting away into space.

Monsieur Roiné served in the Paris Exposition of 1900 as a member of the Jury on Art.

The art critics who have examined the Lincoln medal are at one in the opinion that it must remain the authoritative medallic representation of the great American.

The selections made from Lincoln's own utterances are those which are, on one ground or another, most representative of the character and high ideals of the man and of the methods of action of the great leader.

The copies of the medal produced for this volume have been struck under the instructions of Mr. Robert Hewitt, the well-known collector of medallic-Lincolniana, who is the owner of the copyright.

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The Medal: Its Origin and Symbolism

The Medal: Its Origin and Symbolism

By George N. Olcott

As coined money was in its origin an outgrowth of the personal seal, so the medal was suggested by the coin, from which it takes its form and technique. Yet the medal, as we know it to-day, is quite a recent invention; for that which specifically distinguishes it from the coin lies in the fact that, while the coin is intended to serve as a legal medium of exchange, the medal is purely commemorative. Every detail of medallic type or in-

scription may be, and indeed often is, found on actual coins, and this explains why the real medal is of modern origin. We often hear of cabinets of Greek and Roman “medals”; the word is wrongly applied—for the ancients had no medals. Such application is, however, not wholly without reason, when we consider that Greek and Roman coins, and particularly those of imperial Rome, often had a truly medalllic character. Though intended for general circulation as money, they not infrequently, under forms of the highest art, of the deepest poetic feeling, of the profoundest symbolism, of the most realistic interpretation of nature’s manifestations or of man’s handiwork, presented the *commemorative* element which is the soul of the medal.

Great historical events of battle and

conquest, great civic celebrations, religious and athletic, the dedication of public monuments of beauty, veneration and utility, all found expression on the common coins that passed from hand to hand in the ancient world. It is true, we have among the Greeks as among the Romans "medallions," too large for use as simple money and obviously not designed for common use, but rather as gifts to be kept in proud remembrance of personal achievements or of services rendered to the state or to the sovereign; but, strangely enough, these "medallions" never have the commemorative character of the medal; they bear no reference to the persons for whom they may have been intended as souvenirs. In strong contrast with the really metallic coins, they have, with the portrait

and titles of the reigning emperor, only mythical and symbolic subjects.

The medal, properly so called, grew out of the humanistic movement of the sixteenth century in Italy—that wonderful tide of intellectual and artistic activity, of passionate longing for classical beauty, that welled up from the dead sea of mediævalism and, overflowing the arid desert of darkest Europe, fertilized and revivified the ground in which, as by magic, took root the seeds of our modern civilization. This civilization we are ready in our pride to believe wholly our own, forgetting that in all but its purely utilitarian aspects it is but a continuation of that of our teachers, the Greeks and the Romans. Look where we may, in all our higher aspirations as reflected in painting and sculpture,

in poetry and philosophy, we detect the influence of “the beauty that was Greece and the glory that was Rome.”

Poetry and symbolism underlie all art. Taking its inspiration from these essential attributes of the classic genius, the medal teaches not so much by what it shows as by what it suggests. Does it present us the portrait of a hero? When the Greeks first attempted portraiture, in the time of Alexander the Great, they were still under the influence of sculpturesque ideals of divinity conceived under the most perfect human form, and their first portraits sought to give to the lineaments of their living heroes the idealized types as transmitted through the ages. Pure realism was an afterthought, and the Romans developed it to such an extent

as to bring into relief even the personal defects of the subject. Our modern medallist has found the middle ground. The artistic ideal is here, with no sacrifice of the real; and in the ascetic features, in the firm, strong mouth, in the eye always ready to twinkle with humor, in the high, open forehead, of Abraham Lincoln, one sees the whole noble nature of one who loved his fellowmen, of one whom all the world recognizes as the highest type of human justice and kindness.

And modern art still lives in the tradition of the days when the Olympian gods ruled the world, when nymphs and graces, fauns and satyrs made the woods and streams echo with the choral dance, when every phase of nature turned man's thoughts to his Creator. Each plant, each tree, each

living thing symbolized in its special way some aspect of the divine power.

The broad groves of the century-old oaks of his native land remind the Greek of eternity, of the deity as manifested in nature; and the oak became the symbol of Zeus. The Romans, ever practical in their application of Grecian customs to their own needs, gave the oak crown to him who saved the lives of citizens. Thus we see the oak wreath with the dedication “The Roman Senate and People to Augustus Cæsar for saving the lives of citizens, (S.P.Q.R. CÆSARI AUGUSTO OB CIVES SERVATOS”) on many coins of that wise ruler, who almost alone, after a century of civil wars, evolved order out of chaos, and brought peace to the ancient world.

The palm, so elastic that, though

bent to the earth, it will rise again and recover its erect position, when the power that pressed it down is removed, was in both pagan and Christian times, and still remains, the emblem of victory for warrior or martyr, and the symbol, also, of peace. Palm branches or leaves were borne at the entry of kings into Jerusalem, and they were strewn before Christ as He rode into that city. In Christian worship, the palm has for centuries held a place; it was used in the ritual of Osiris in Egypt; and it was carried in the triumphal processions of ancient Rome.

What better symbolism could be found for the medal of our great Liberator and martyred President than a wreath combined of palm and oak? The palm symbolizes victory, not merely the victory that restored to a great

nation harmony and prosperity, and to countless slaves personal liberty, but the victory over his own humble circumstances and lack of opportunity, the victory won through dauntless courage and firmness of conviction. This is a conquest that must for all time redound to his glory, and is one which, without any act of Congress, has served to secure a place for him in the hearts of all Americans as the second Father of his country. The branch of oak stands for peace, recalling that a great leader, another and a far greater Augustus, directed the destinies of his country through the darkness of Civil War, and brought order out of chaos for the great Republic of the West, imperial in power, democratic in spirit, and refounded in the ideals of Abraham Lincoln.

The Lincoln Centenary
1809-1909

The Lincoln Centenary

1809-1909

By Richard Lloyd Jones

MAN measures the development of history by large units. The centennial of any great event is always a day of reckoning,—a pivot point on which to swing the transit and gauge the perspective of time. Most fittingly has America commemorated her great achievements and the triumphs of her centuries. In 1893, on the banks of one of our great inland seas, we exhibited to the world, in a magnificence never, in its way, surpassed, one result

of the great courage of Christopher Columbus, who alone faced the unbelief of the world and gave to the oppressed of Europe a hemisphere unfettered and free. On the fourth day of July, in 1776, a bell rang out to all mankind the tidings that in the little city of Philadelphia a group of men had inaugurated a government that should safeguard the liberties of men. One hundred years later, in the same city, grown big and powerful, the story of that great triumph was recalled for a grateful people. In 1889, the President of the United States issued a message to the people, calling upon them to recognize appropriately the centennial of the inauguration of the first President of our country. In commemoration of this wonderful century of history, there

was set up in New York City—where was taken the oath of office of the first President of the United States—a noble memorial arch of lofty proportions bearing the name of the immortal Washington. Five years ago, we were busy building a great array of plaster palaces, in and around which, with much display of bunting, illumination, martial music, and oratory, we exhibited the vindication of Napoleon's words, when he signed the Louisiana Purchase Treaty of Thomas Jefferson: "I part with an empire." And a year following this, in a similar though more modest fashion, we gloried in the great empire that has been built in one hundred years on the vast wilderness over which Lewis and Clark led their heroic expedition to the land where rolls the

Oregon, and there dipped the world's youngest flag into the Occidental seas.

These were indeed great centuries. The story of each great achievement and the service rendered by it to the betterment of the world constitute a contribution to history so indelible that no celebration can embellish them, though every such reckoning adds a material inspiration to the minds of men. Great as is the inspiration growing out of great events, the noblest inspiration will always centre in the stories of those stalwart souls who formulate the world's great advances.

Out from the heritage of time there stands no figure at once more noble, simple, and majestic than Abraham Lincoln, the great democrat. Like Columbus and Washington, he looms higher and greater in the perspective

of each succeeding generation. He was the gentlest of all great souls. So benignant was his life that the American people, out of the deepest sense of affection and gratitude, have planned to celebrate the centennial of his birth with the same reverential enthusiasm and patriotism they will show more than half a hundred years from now, when they will celebrate the centenary of the Emancipation Proclamation and the Gettysburg address.

Recognizing the patriotic significance of the twelfth day of February, 1909, and desiring to commemorate the occasion fittingly, a group of American citizens was organized three years back under the title of the Lincoln Farm Association, with the purpose of securing for the nation the original Lincoln farm in Kentucky, and with

the farm the rude cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born. With the support of many thousands of patriotic Americans, this plan has now been brought to fruition, and on the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's birth, his humble birthplace will be made a national shrine and dedicated to the American people as the abiding symbol of the opportunity with which democracy endows its men. Here on this "little farm that raised a man," as Mark Twain has happily described it, the veterans of two great armies and their sons and daughters unite in commemorating the birth of the great war president, who by blood and sympathy belonged to both North and South, and who, never recognizing any severance of our national unity, with fortitude and patience reunited

our people and cemented in love the fragments of a distracted nation. Here, his people plan to take into their charge his first humble home, and to guard it by a lofty pillar, silent sentinel of a national shrine, noble memorial to a real nobleman. The centennial celebration of the birth of Abraham Lincoln centres properly about the place of his birth, and it is there that the national ceremonies will be held, but the dedication of the Lincoln farm will be but one of the many commemorative ceremonies that are to be held all over the land.

A monument of Lincoln is to be erected by the State of Kentucky in the Court House Square of Hodgenville, Lincoln's native town. The State of Kentucky is also planning to build a boulevard or broad roadway to be

known as the Lincoln Pike, which will connect the Lincoln farm with the city of Louisville.

There is also a plan (initiated in Washington) for the building of a great Lincoln Road, running from the Capitol building at Washington to Gettysburg, and shaded with great trees. It is hoped that the road will, in the course of time, be enriched by various states and societies with appropriate monuments and fountains. A further suggestion has been made of continuing this Lincoln Road from Gettysburg across the Continent to the Bay of San Francisco. This would be a twentieth-century Appian Way, magnified in proportions to conform to the greatness of the man it would commemorate.

The city of Chicago is planning a

million-dollar building with a great central auditorium to bear the name of Lincoln. The abiding value of this memorial will correspond to the character of the citizens who are entrusted with its administration. Let us hope they will be wisely chosen and worthy of this great civic trust. Excepting the birthplace itself, which President Roosevelt will dedicate to the Nation, the most memorable event will be the consecration of the grave of Abraham Lincoln's mother, for the decoration and preservation of which the State of Indiana has appropriated ten thousand dollars.

Though New York City will observe the centennial with a most elaborate programme arranged by a special committee of one hundred appointed by Mayor McClellan, and other cities are

making similar pretentious plans, no city will have a more significant or inspiring celebration than Springfield, Illinois, which was Mr. Lincoln's home.

The Congress of the United States will appropriate from three to five millions of dollars for the great and much-needed National Lincoln Museum, to be built in the city of Washington, which will house the great Lincoln collections, such as the Oldroyd and others of its kind, that should be the Nation's possession and carefully cared for.

These are great instances of America's deep appreciation of a national hero, but the full significance of this centennial will perhaps be better realized by considering the sentiments that animate thousands of small Lincoln centennial societies and associations

already established in village communities from the Lakes to the Gulf and from sea to sea. It is not an exposition of trade and industry, all fenced in, to tell the story of the acquisition of territory; it is not a burst of fireworks to emphasize a people's pride in a great nation's birth; it is not even the glorification, after four hundred years, of the discovery of half the world. It is more. It is the salutation across the century to the coming of a Man. It is the people's unostentatious heart-tribute to the rude little cabin house that out on Kentucky's frontier laid claim to the affections of coming generations as the cradle of that rough-hewn pioneer lad whose life taught the world that he who fights for the liberties of men is greater than he who tries to conquer them.

This man, bruised in the hard struggles of his life, had a heart that throbbed with sympathy for those who themselves bore the scars of struggle and difficulty; and into his soul there flooded the warmth and light of a gentle, genial humor. So easily did he penetrate the narrowness of prejudice and ignorance with this artful weapon, that Emerson has said of him:

It is certain that the good things of Lincoln were first so disguised as pleasantries that they had no reputation but as jests, and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they found in the mouths of the millions, turned out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure if this man had lived in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythical in a very few years, like *Æsop* or *Pilpay* or one of the seven wise masters, by his fables and his proverbs.

His great humor was, however, only

the counterpart, the balance side, of that great soul that suffered with surprising tenderness for the sorrows of men. Lamon, in his intimate story of Lincoln says: "With the earliest dawn of reason, he began to suffer and endure," and Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, whose portrait of Lincoln the President himself declared to be an absolutely perfect likeness, dwells upon the sadness written upon Lincoln's face. It was Mr. Carpenter, it will be remembered, who spent six months in the White House with the President, painting that picture, so impressive itself and historically so precious, *The Emancipation Proclamation*; and who wrote *The Inner Life of Abraham Lincoln*, a work that throws a bright light upon the character of the subject of it. In the book referred to, the author

says, speaking of Lincoln's expression: "His was the saddest face I ever knew. There were times when I could not look upon it without shedding tears."

When, as a child, led by his mother's hand, he visited for the last time his little sister's grave, he took with him across the swollen Ohio into the wilderness of Indiana a sense of life's stern sorrows that made him as strong as it made him lonely.

To his early and most timely friend, Joshua F. Speed, he entrusted, years later, the simple story of his mother's death. She called him to her side, laid her hand on him, and said: "I am going away from here, Abe, and shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy; that you will be kind to Sarah and to your father. I want you to live as I have taught you, and to

love your Heavenly Father." Then he saw his father hew a casket and lay the withered body away in the low prairie hills without even a parson's prayer,—stern discipline of isolation. So deep did this enforced neglect eat into his boyish soul that he indited his first letter to the Reverend David Elkins, at Little Mound, Kentucky, who three months later rode over a hundred miles to gratify this serious child's wish that at least a prayer be said over his mother's grave.

His great tenderness, in love and sorrow, was again shown when Ann Rutledge, his first love, was laid in the grave. Grieving till his friends feared his loss of reason, he was found on a dark and stormy night beside the new-made grave crying, "I cannot bear to have the rain fall upon her."

These are but incidents in the life of a heart so sensitive to human sorrow that it shook the world with emotion when it felt the pangs of an overwhelming human wrong. As a flat-boatman, he saw for the first time, in New Orleans, men, women, and children sold as chattels upon the auction block. The strong indignant heart cried: "If ever I get a chance to hit it, my God, I 'll hit it hard." Thirty-two years later, God used that conscience, and by a single stroke of the pen the name of Abraham Lincoln was written into the pages of history, where it will be read as long as men shall read. He amended the old commandment to read: "Neither shalt thou steal the product of labor, nor shalt thou steal Labor itself."

The strong, sensitive soul that struck

the manacles from four million limbs was also susceptible to little tendernesses. It was this man, who, when his brow was furrowed with the anxiety of battle, restored a fallen bird to its nest. It was this man who, when weighted with the charge of a great army, carried a motherless kitten to the cook's tent and gave directions for its care. It was this man who, when riding on the court circuit over a muddy Illinois road, got off his horse in a heavy storm, and soiled his boots and clothing in the deep mire to release a poor pig that had painfully entangled itself in a fence, and who, when bantered by his companions for his tender consideration of the animal replied: "I could not stand the look of that pig's eye as we rode by. It seemed to say to me: 'There goes my last chance.'"

It was this man who, as President of the United States, without the knowledge of his Secretary of State, wrote in his simple direct way a letter to the Queen of England, appealing to her womanhood to assure him that his efforts as a man to thwart the spread of human slavery should not be injured and weighted by England's enmity,—an appeal not made in vain, for her answer assured him that the cause of slavery should have neither her aid nor her influence, and that his government under his guidance need never have fear of her people so long as she was Queen. Thus did his simple and direct sincerity win a triumph where all the adroitness of diplomacy had failed.

It was this man who, in early life, as attorney for a poor feeble-minded





girl, adjusted her little estate and then told his partner to take such fee as he felt was fair and to let his own share in the fee revert to the orphan, for she was helpless and needed all she had. He was a lawyer who dignified his profession by making love his law. He sanctified the court room. He plead for justice, not for advantage. He sought truth, not judgment. It was this man who declared: "I have never turned one inch out of my course to gain favor," and again who said: "I want it ever said of me that I ever plucked a thistle and planted a flower wherever a flower would grow."

This great plain man was intensely human. His leave-taking of his own people before going to Washington to be inaugurated as President of the United States to establish freedom and to con-

serve democracy, will have its place among the world's noble utterances. How he went to Coles County to see that his father's grave was properly marked and tended; how he bade farewell to his foster-mother, who broke down in fear that his enemies would kill him; how on his way to his office he was met by Anna Armstrong, who had waited to take his hand a last time because he had saved her son in court, and who sobbed "I 'm afraid those bad men will kill you"; and how when he had his trunks packed and went to his old law office he found his old partner, Billy Herndon, waiting for him. "Billy," he said, "over sixteen years together, and we have not had a cross word during all that time, have we?"

"Not one."

“Don’t take the sign down, Billy, let it swing that our clients may understand that the election of a President makes no changes in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live I am coming back and then we will go right on practising law as if nothing had ever happened.” Then the two together went down the stairs and across the town to the railroad station, where his townsmen had gathered to hear his farewell, which for masterly simplicity will rank second only to the Gettysburg address.

As President of the United States, he was confronted with the intricate and complex problems growing out of the holiest war that was ever fought, and he became the commander-in-chief of the most intelligent and the most moral army ever mustered into service.

In this great crisis he became, all in all the sincerest statesman the world has ever known; so sincere that even his enemies came to love him as he loved them, and when the sad act of a madman took his life at the hour of his triumph, and perhaps at the hour of his greatest need, both General Robert E. Lee and Mr. Jefferson Davis declared that the truest friend of the South had passed away.

As a leader he was militant, but so much of a gentleman that he knew not how to be insolent. As commander-in-chief of the army, he never directed his officers in the terms of a command, but rather in the terms of a suggestion. As conqueror of a great army, he entered the fallen capital city without pomp or ostentation, and, unattended, sought the home of a former friend to inquire

after the welfare of the wife and baby boy.

One of his biographers, who for a time resided with him in the White House, says: "It will be a permanent source of regret to the American people and a lasting loss to history that there was not a special secretary appointed to make note of and to write out the history of the various pardons, pleas for mercy and ameliorating clemency which were attended to by President Lincoln." Lincoln always thought forgiveness and compassion would do a deserting soldier more good than cold lead. Shortly before his martyrdom he said: "Now we are so near the end, I feel like beginning another batch of pardons." To those who urged vengeance upon the leaders of a mistaken cause he said: "We must

extinguish our resentment if we are to have harmony and peace." Lincoln had a maternal heart. Forgiveness was his passion,—justice was his reason.

The Puritans took liberty, but gave none of it. Lincoln, in whose veins flowed Puritanic blood, ripened that passion for freedom into a religion, which he himself declared held as its only creed the Golden Rule. In his life Democracy flowered. He believed in men. He loved mankind. The little farm in the wilderness which gave America its savior will rank with Mount Vernon as a nation's holy shrine. It will inspire political honor, and rebuke snobbishness, greed, and hypocrisy, for Abraham Lincoln is a power in America to-day. He will be the prophet of all the world tomorrow. He will continue to live

and to rebuke the pampered product of luxury and the sordid conscience of selfishness that cannot justify its ballot with argument. He is not merely the great man of a great moment of American history, and Secretary Stanton spoke the abiding truth when, laying the lifeless head upon the pillow he said, "Now he belongs to the ages."

Representative Utter- ances of Abraham Lincoln

Farewell Address at Spring- field, Illinois

FEBRUARY 11, 1861

MY FRIENDS: One who has never been placed in a like position cannot understand my feelings at this hour, nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this parting. For more than twenty-five years, I have lived among you, and during all that time I have received nothing but kindness at your hands. Here, the most cherished ties of earth were assumed. Here, my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. To you, my friends, I owe all that I have—all that I am. All the strange

checkered past seems to crowd upon my mind. To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon General Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with and aid me I cannot prevail; but if the same almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me I shall not fail; I shall succeed. Let us pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that with equal sincerity and faith you will all invoke His wisdom and goodness for me.

With these words I must leave you; for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now wish you an affectionate farewell.

Emancipation Proclamation

SEPTEMBER 22, 1862

I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and each of the States, and the people thereof, in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed.

That it is my purpose, upon the next meeting of Congress, to again

recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all slave States, so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, immediate or gradual abolition of slavery within their respective limits; and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent with their consent upon this continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the Governments existing there, will be continued.

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the

people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free; and the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be, in good faith, represented in the Congress of the United States by members

chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an act of Congress entitled "An act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1862, and which act is in the words and figure following:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war, for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such:

ART.—All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the

forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court-martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from service.

SEC. 2.—And be it further enacted, that this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also to the ninth and tenth sections of an act entitled “An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes,” approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following:

SEC. 9.—And be it further enacted, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within

the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them, and coming under the control of the Government of the United States; and all slaves of such persons found on [or] being within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves.

SEC. 10.—And be it further enacted, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any other State, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime, or some offence against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner and has not borne arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto; and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person

to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey, and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the act and sections above recited.

And the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion shall (upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if that relation shall have been suspended or disturbed) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof I have hereunto

set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

Secretary of State.

Letter to Horace Greeley on the Policy of the Administration

AUGUST 22, 1862

Hon. HORACE GREELEY.

DEAR SIR:—I have just read yours of the nineteenth, addressed to myself through the New York *Tribune*.

If there be in it any statements or assumptions of facts which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them.

If there be any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them.

If there be perceptible in it an im-

patient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I “seem to be pursuing” as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt. I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution.

The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be, “the Union as it was.”

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them.

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.

My paramount object in this strug-

gle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery.

If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe in doing more will help the cause.

I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt

new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men, everywhere, could be free.

Yours,

A. LINCOLN.

Letter to General J. Hooker
on his Appointment to the
Command of the Army
of the Potomac

JANUARY 26, 1863

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
January 26, 1863.

Major-General HOOKER.

GENERAL:—I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave

and skilful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who

gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit that you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Address at Gettysburg

NOVEMBER 19, 1863

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether

fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in

vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Letter to Mrs. Bixby on the Death of her Five Sons in Battle

NOVEMBER 21, 1864

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
November 21, 1864.

Mrs. BIXBY, Boston, Mass.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from

tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Second Inaugural Address

MARCH 4, 1865

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: At this season, appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The

progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city, seeking to *destroy* it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive, and the

other would *accept* war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One eighth of the whole population was colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each

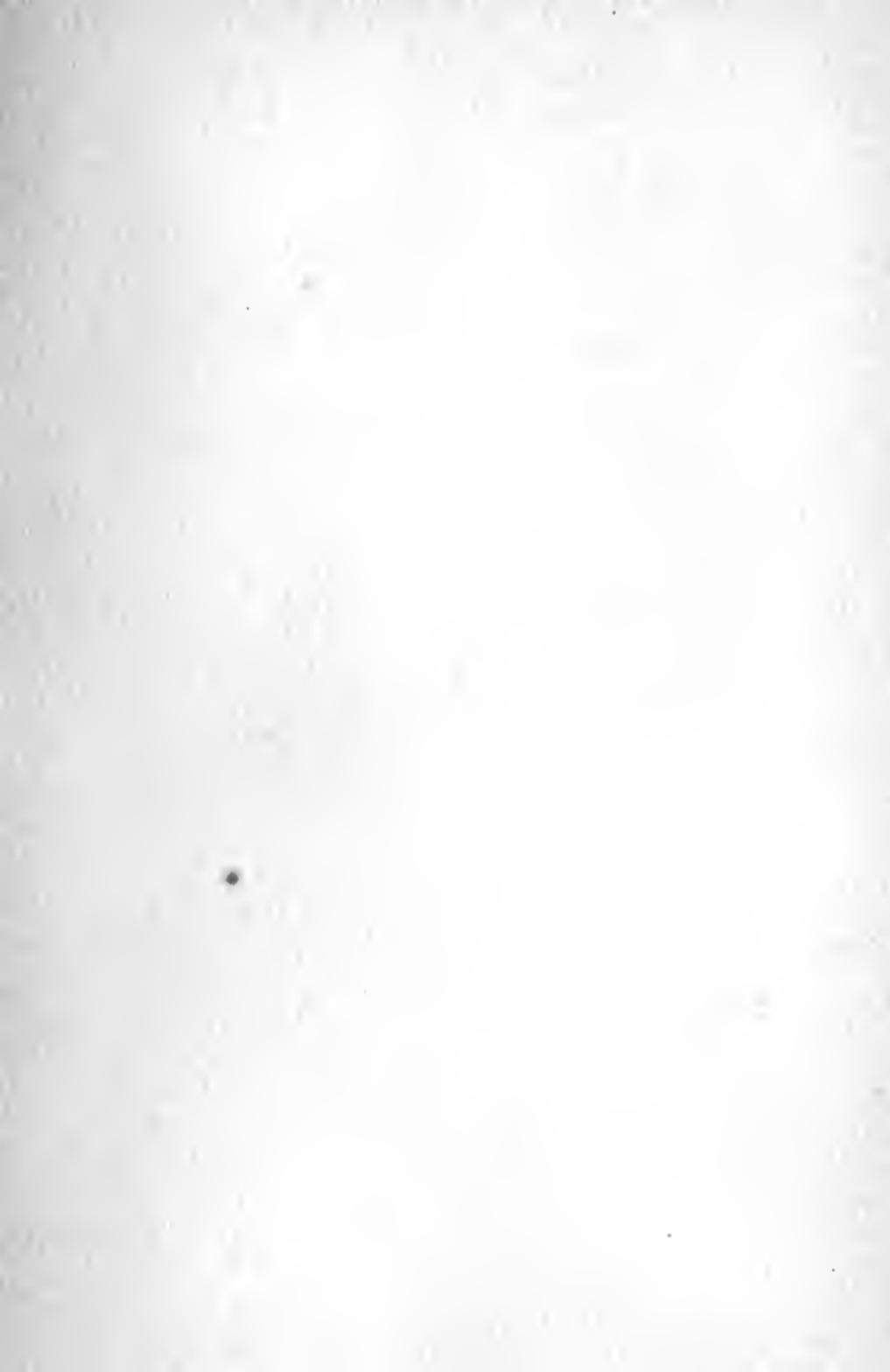
looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces. But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences; for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through

His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drop of blood drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that "the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

THE END





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